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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE

BY

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS

With fac-similes of water-color drawings of

BUTTERFLIES

BY

SUSIE BARSTOW SKELDING

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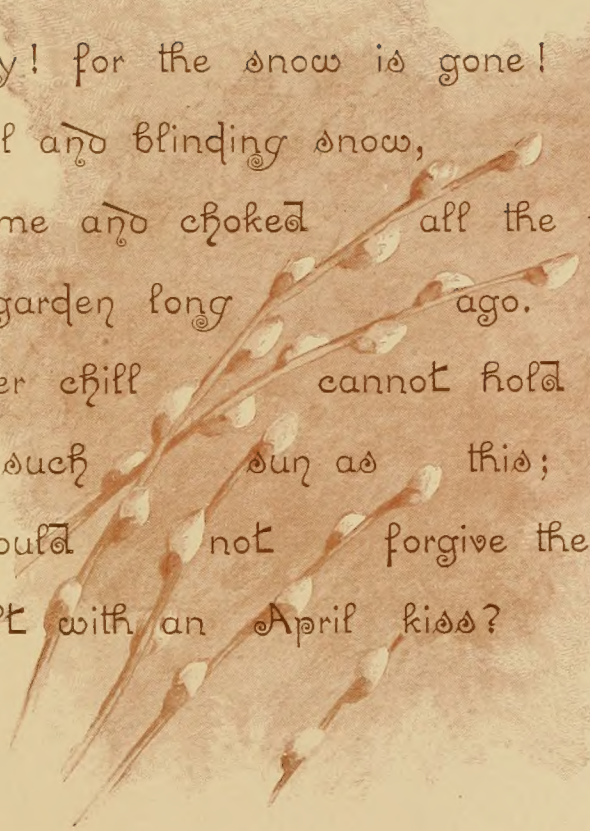

Joy! Joy! for the snow is gone!
The cruel and blinding snow,
That came and choked all the flower-beds
In the garden long ago.
The bitter chill cannot hold out long
Against such sun as this;
Who would not forgive the coldest wind
That left with an April kiss?

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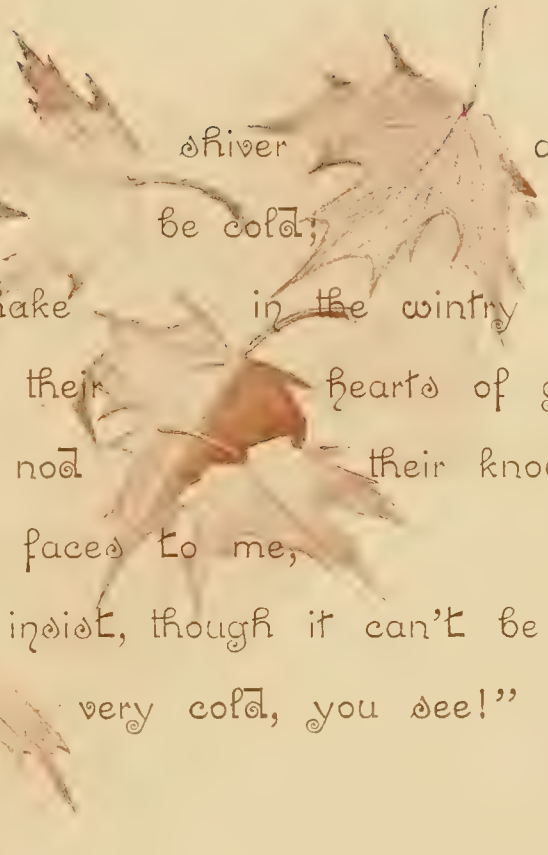
"Wings! Wings! if I had but wings!"
The flower sighed on her stem;
For the butterflies hovered over her head,
And she longed to be one of them.
"They would take me if I could fly," she said;
"I am like them as like could be,
Except for the wings." And she drooped and wept,
Such a foolish flower was she.

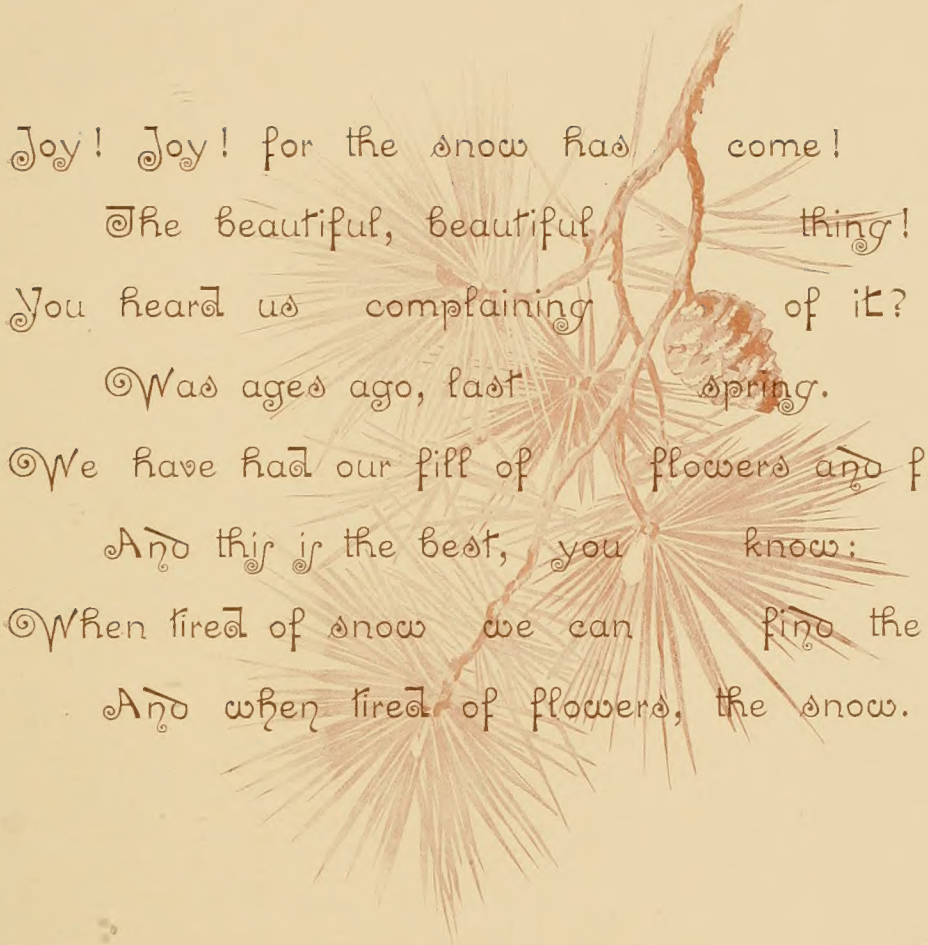
Then suddenly in the fragrant air
She felt her leaves with a sigh
Slip from the stem; but they floated off
Only to fall and die.
"Alas!" sighed the butterfly overhead,
"So sweet was she in repose,
I had sought on her breast in a moment more
My wandering life to close."

Bees and Butterflies, Flowers and Birds!
Ah me! what a world of bliss!
Sometimes, it is true, there comes a note
Of sorrow in all of this.
But when I must lose some precious thing,
And live on with one joy less,
I remember its coming, and, even through tears,
Thank God for its preciousness.



Why do they shiver and tremble so?
A flower can't be cold;
But my pansies shake in the wintry air
As if pierced to their hearts of gold.
They flutter, and nod their knowing heads,
And turn their faces to me,
As if to insist, though it can't be true,
"We are very cold, you see!"

I think I know: it's so bright and warm,
Dear heart, in this room with you,
They're afraid we'll forget that somebody else
May be shivering, cold, and blue.
Not they, of course; for they cannot feel:
But I understand them to say,
"There are people not in delightful rooms,
Whom you ought to remember to-day."



Joy! Joy! for the snow has come!
The beautiful, beautiful thing!
You heard us complaining of it? O that
Was ages ago, last spring.
We have had our fill of flowers and fruit;
And this is the best, you know:
When tired of snow we can find the flowers,
And when tired of flowers, the snow.

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